The Lily.

I saw the lily pale and perfect grow
Amid its silent sisters in the mead.
Methought within its chilly depth to read
A maidenly severity, as though
A cool young life lay slumbering in the snow
Of its frail substance. In that chalice white
Whose fairy texture shone against the light
An unawakened pulse beat faint and slow,
And I remembered, love, thy coy disdain,
When thou my love for thee hadst first divined;
Thy proud, shy tenderness—too proud to feign
That willful blindness, which is yet not blind.
Then toward the sun thy lily-life I turned—
With sudden splendor flushed it's chalice burned.

—H. H. Boyesen, in Scribner for March.

"Too Late."

I sit and sip my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire;
'Tis very old, 'tis very fine,
A vintage to inspire
Such fancies as a Poe might weave,
And, weaving, strike his lyre.
I sip the wine, but would you think,
To hear the glasses' rhythmic clink,
I'm grumbling even while I drink?

It comes too late, too late, I muse,
This sherry rare and mellow.
Why did relentless fate refuse
To smile, when yet a fellow
Was young and strong and lusty-limbed,
Before his face grew yellow
With indigestion? Ah, the wine,
The envied nectar now is mine,
But gone the taste that made it fine!

I know this velvet-covered chair
Is wondrous soft and easy,
But what of comfort can I share
Grown corpulent and wheezy?
Ah, could I thus have stretched my limbs
When life was fresh and breezy:
But now—well, now I've learned to doubt
If any body's yet found out
A chair that's easy for the gout!

Woodcock and turtle, quail on toast,
These things of feasting savor;
And yet the game, the fish and roast
Have lost for me their flavor.
I could have relished these things once,
Had fortune smiled with favor;
But now, with dainties spread in sight,
With all the palate can delight,
I've lost the sauce of appetite.

Because I drive my coach and four
The girls are proud to meet me,
They come unbidden to my door,
And with a kiss they greet me;
They throw their arms about my neck—
Yes, that's the way they treat me—
But passion's flames are all unknown;
The lips to kiss are mine, I own—
The nectar of the kiss has flown!

And so I sip my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire,
And, though 'tis old and very fine,
Sad thoughts it doth inspire;
For sitting here in luxury's lap,
Of fortune's smile I tire;
And I would give my broad estate
For any boon bestowed by fate,
Which did not come too late, too late!

LEARNING HIS VALUE.

Mr. Marcus Wilkinson sat alone in his office, with a dainty little perfumed note between his fingers, and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed in a graceful feminine hand, was brief:

DEAR GUARDIAN: I will be at the office at 10 in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance. MILLIE.

"A matter of importance," muttered Mr. Wilkinson, twisting the note nervously. "Can my fears be true? Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to my pearl? I am afraid he has! And what can I urge against the man, if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock!"

The last silvery stroke of the mantel-clock had not died away when the door of the office was opened by a clerk, and Millie Bentley entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, every thing pure and fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a thoughtful face of exquisite beauty. Very young, only 18, Millie Bentley had borne early the sorrows of life. Her father, having been wealthy, had failed in business, and committed suicide. Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty feebly for two years, and, sinking under privation and toil, had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, the news came that Millie's uncle, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her own too lately won independence to Millie, and appointing their old friend, Marcus Wilkinson, guardian to the heiress. Sorrowing, and womanly beyond her years, Millie had turned from her own grief to a noble endeavor to solace some of the trials of those with whom her own poverty had made her familiar. A cousin had come at Mr. Wilkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she resumed many long interrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble homes of those who had been her mother's friends in the dark days of widowhood, and her gentle charities soon extended far beyond this small circle. She had been an orphan two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Wilkinson, as already described, and the sorrows of her life had lost some of their bitter sting, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.

"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings to me the pleasure of seeing you to-day?"

"It is about myself," Millie said, the softest rose-tints flushing her cheeks.

"Dear me! I didn't know you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease."

"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, addressing the walls. "Whenever I am Uncle Marc, I know what to expect next."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face; and the jesting voice was turned at once to one of tender gravity.

"What is it, my child?"

"Cyril Ormsby came to see me last evening, and he will come here to-day; but I wanted to see you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and"—she hesitated here—"you do not like him!"

"Who told you that?"

"No one; but I see it for myself."

"Well, you are right. I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"No control!" Millie's voice was piteous. "Please don't talk so. I come to you as I would have gone to my father."

"There, dear, I was wrong. Tell me, then, as you would have told your father, do you love Mr. Ormsby?"

"I think he is the noblest man I ever knew. If you could see him with some of my poor people, how gentle and courteous he is, you would like him, too. He has given me so much sympathy in my work, Uncle Marc, feeling, as I do, that the possession of great wealth is but a stewardship."

"And so won your love?"

"My respect and admiration, uncle. I can not yet realize that a man so noble and so good can really desire my companionship and help in his life. But, since he does, I am glad and proud to have won his confidence."

"Hem—yes! Enthusiastic, but heart-whole!" was Mr. Wilkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk?" he added, aloud.

"A walk?" Millie said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I will tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby, if," he added, mentally, "you have not already found out."

It was not exactly such a walk as one would have mapped out for a gentleman's invitation to a young, beautiful girl; but Millie followed its course, leaning upon her guardian's arm, wondering a little, but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city, to a quarter known as the "Factory Row," a place where Mr. Wilkinson had never before allowed his ward to go. For there were apt to be fevers and contagious diseases lurking there. It lay low, and was unhealthy, and the houses were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, partly owning these factories and this quarter, Mr. Ormsby seems neglectful," said Mr. Wilkinson, dryly. "I have an interest in the factories, as you are aware, but do not own one of these wretched houses. They are all Cyril Ormsby's."

"But," Millie said, eagerly, "these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privilege he gives them, till he is discouraged in his efforts to do them any good."

"Oh! step in here!"

It was a poor place, scantily furnished, and cheerless. Upon a cot-bed a woman lay, in the last stages of consumption. She looked up eagerly to Mr. Wilkinson.

"I hope you are better," he said, kindly.

"No; I shall never be better. If I may only die in peace; it is all I ask."

"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now!"

"Jennie has gone to him. Yesterday he sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day at 12, out we must go. I've paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie's made the last month she has had to pay for fire and wood. She's but fifteen, and her pay is small."

"What do you owe Cyril Ormsby?"

"Thirty shillings!"

"And if he is not paid to-day, he will put you out into the street to die?"

"He says the work-house is the place for paupers."

At this moment a slim, pale girl of 15 came in, crying bitterly.

"Mr. Wilkinson was out," she began; and then seeing her visitor, she cried eagerly, "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you will not let mother be put out in the street. I'll pay you every penny, sir, if only you will wait till she is better, and I can get my full time to work!"

"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby to-day, Jennie?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir. He said he had no time to hear any whining. The agent will be here at 12, and if the money is not paid he will put us out."

"May I?" whispered Millie.

"Just as you please, my dear. Perhaps this dying woman or her child will drink up your charity."

"Hush, hush!"

So tenderly, so delicately Millie gave her charity, that there was only deepest gratitude awakened without the galling sense of obligation. She left more than sufficient for some weeks, and promised to send delicacies for the invalid.

No word of herself passed her lips until they were once more in the narrow street.

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she said, "can it be true that he is so hard, so false to me?"

"Wait," was the brief reply.

They went into the wide court-yard in whose space stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the entirely opposite management of these two into two distinct departments—one entirely under the control of the elder, the other of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's absurd soft-heartedness," as Cyril mentally characterized it, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But it was not into his own kindly governed, well ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, where a pale man was busily writing, and at the same time overlooking a long room, where about 70 girls were at work before busily whirling machinery. "Good morning, Watkins," the old gentleman said. "I was in hopes that you were taking a holiday."

"Thank you, sir!" was the reply, in a dejected tone. "I can't well quit work, sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby the doctor says your life depends upon a few weeks of rest and pure air?"

"Yes, sir. He's not keeping me; but he says if I go he must fill my place—and that means starvation for my family. I could never get another situation, as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"

"Seventeen years, sir. I was with old Mr. Ormsby before you came, sir."

"A faithful servant seventeen years!" said Mr. Wilkinson, in a low tone; "and a few weeks' rest may save his life."

At this moment Millie shrank a little nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the loom-room, she could see Cyril Ormsby, walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperative, finding fault here and there, and keenly scrutinizing every item of the work. Not a face in the long room was brightened by the presence of the master. Fingers worked more rapidly, eyes were fastened persistently upon the looms, and every one seemed aware of a stern task-master's gaze. But Mr. Wilkinson obeyed the mute petition expressed in the looks of his ward, and led Millie out into the wide passage again, to another work-room.

It were too tedious a task to follow every step of these two as they passed from room to room, everywhere meeting some assurance of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hearts of the "hands," and their terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again amongst the squalid homes, where her guardian had no control, but bestowed his kindly charity without ostentation; and here, more eloquently than ever, Millie heard how cruel a mockery were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ears. It needed no spoken words from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were but those of hypocrisy, which knew how it could best plead its cause with her. One and another, turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, unaware of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told of cruel exactions of work, in sickness or trouble, of closest calculation of time, of small wages and heavy rents.

"If we won't live here and pay, we get no work in the factories!" one said, when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing overtime to pay for my child's funeral," one said, "for I lost the wages for three days. I stayed by her to see her die, and to bury her."

"I'm uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost a week by a fall on the ice, and it's hard making it up again."

Not one word of kindly sympathy, of help, in trouble or sickness. The "hands" under Cyril Ormsby were simply human machines to do so much work, sick or well, or pay the price of an hour or day of idleness, no matter how necessary.

There was no word spoken as Mr. Wilkinson and Millie walked to the office again. Once there, the old gentleman spoke, very gravely. "As your guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Cyril Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good social position, of irreproachable moral reputation, and a man whose standing in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much for your guardian. As your friend, my pearl, who loves you as your own dead father might have loved you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend, I tell you I would rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend, as almost a father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from life-long misery. To know my husband such a man as I now know Cyril Ormsby to be, would, as you say, break my heart."

"I would not tell you," said her guardian, "for you knew I disliked him, and might have thought that dislike prejudiced me. But, Millie, tell me you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did not love Cyril, Millie?"

"No. I reverenced what I believed a noble, generous nature. That reverence a mockery, I shall never break my heart for a man I thoroughly despise, Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby, coming to claim the fortune he believed to be within his grasp, met only Mr. Wilkinson, with Millie's polite but distinct refusal to resign herself or her fortune to his keeping. But he never knew how it was that Millie learned the true value of his hollow words of charity and philanthropy.

Two New England Centenarians.

Two New England women have just celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their birth—Mrs. Elizabeth T. Weston of Peterboro, N. H., and Mrs. Lucy Nichols of Waterbury, Ct. Mrs. Weston was 100 on Friday, and the occasion was celebrated at the residence of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Martha Sawyer of Greenfield, N. H., where she is temporarily stopping. Mrs. Weston was born in Peterboro, where she has spent her whole life, married at 18 a poor man who combined the shoemaker's trade with farming, and is the mother of 12 children, five sons and seven daughters, of whom five are now living, two sons and three daughters, three of whom were present. The most remarkable feature in the reunion was the fact that representatives of five generations were gathered together, each and all the eldest child and descending in direct succession, viz.: Mrs. Weston aged 100; Deacon Samuel Weston, 82; Mrs. James Ferren, 55; Mrs. Hubert Ollis, 27, and Harry Frank Ollis, 3. Mrs. Weston shared in the exercises by reciting a hymn she learned when a little girl. She bears her years remarkably, being able to knit and perform many household duties, is able to converse readily, and takes great pleasure in hearing the songs and music of other days. Her health is good, and bids fair to attain another half score of years at least. Much less happy is the old age of Mrs. Nichols, who reached her centennial yesterday. She has always been of a fretful and fault-finding disposition, which has naturally grown upon her, and in her senile jealousy imagines that her relatives want to throw her on the town. She says that her life has been filled up with disappointments and crosses, but she has been living under God's "chair" and hopes that He will receive her when the time comes for her to go. She keeps up a constant moaning and imagines that she hears music. One of her vagaries is that "Hell trembles; bedlam has broken loose; heaven rejoices and the angels sing with cheerful voices." Her memory is comparatively clear, and, when questioned in regard to events of her girlhood, she answers with astonishing readiness. She keeps her bed a good share of the time, but can pass from one room to another with the aid of a cane. Her form is considerably bent and her face is a good deal shrunken and shriveled, but her hand retains more strength than one would suppose, and when she shakes hands there is a perceptible pressure in the wan fingers. She was born at Hamden, Ct., married at 21, has had nine children, and lives with the only surviving son, Milo Nichols of Waterbury, her only living daughter being in Ohio. She went out to Ohio 65 years ago, but has never ridden on the cars.—*Springfield Republican.*

CRULLERS.—2 cups of sugar, ½ of a pound of butter, 4 eggs, scant cup of milk, ½ teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt and nutmeg, flour enough to make stiff; roll very thin, cut in squares of a finger in width, the square cut nearly to the edges inside, in strips of half an inch. A great deal depends on the cutting.

WHOM did the pastry cook marry? His sweet tart, of course.

The President's Veto of the Silver Bill.

To the House of Representatives:

After a very careful consideration of House bill No. 1,033, entitled "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character," I feel compelled to return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with my objections to its passage. Holding the opinion which I expressed in my annual message, that neither the interests of the Government nor of the people of the United States would be promoted by disparaging silver as one of the two precious metals which furnish the coinage of the world, and that legislation which looks to maintaining the volume of intrinsic money to as full a measure of both metals as their relative commercial values will permit would be neither unjust nor inexpedient, it has been my earnest desire to concur with Congress in the adoption of such measures to increase the silver coinage of the country as would not impair the obligations of contracts, either public or private, nor injuriously affect the public credit. It is only upon the conviction that this bill does not meet these essential requirements that I feel it my duty to withhold from it my approval. My present official duty as to that bill permits only an attention to the specific objections to its passage, which seem to me so important as to justify me in asking from the wisdom and duty of Congress that further consideration of the bill for which the Constitution has in such cases provided.

The bill provides for the coinage of silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains each of standard silver, to be a legal tender to their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in contracts. It is well known that the market value of that number of grains of standard silver during the past year has been from 90 to 92 cents, as compared with the standard gold dollar. Thus the silver dollar authorized by this bill is worth from 8 to 10 per cent. less than it purports to be worth, and is made a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coin as lawful money. The right to pay duties in silver, or in certificates of silver deposits, will, when they are issued in sufficient amount to circulate, put an end to the receipt of the revenue in gold, and thus compel the payment of silver for both the principal and interest of the public debt; $1,143,493,400 of the bonded debt now outstanding was issued previous to February, 1875, when the silver dollar was unknown in the circulation of the country, and was only a convenient form of silver bullion for exportation; $583,440,350 of the bonded debt has been issued since February, 1873, when gold alone was the coin for which the bonds were sold, and gold alone was the coin in which both parties to the contract understood that the bonds would be paid. These bonds entered into the markets of the world. They were paid for in gold, when silver had greatly depreciated, and when no one would have bought them if it had been understood they would be paid in silver. The sum of $225,000,000 of those bonds has been sold during my Administration for gold coin, and the United States received the benefit of those sales by a reduction of the rates of interest to 4 per cent. During the progress of these sales a doubt was suggested as to coin in which payment of these bonds would be made. The public announcement was thereon authorized that it was not to be anticipated that any further legislation of Congress, or any action of any department of the Government would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principal of these bonds or the payment of interest thereon, in coin of less value than coin authorized by law at the time of the issue of bonds, being the coin exacted by the Government in exchange for the same.

In view of these facts, it will justly be regarded as a grave breach of the public faith to undertake to pay these bonds, principal or interest, in silver coin, worth in the market less than the coin received for them. It is said the silver dollar, made a legal-tender by this bill, will, under its operations, be equivalent in value to the gold dollar. Many supporters of the bill believe this, and would not justify an attempt to pay the debts, either public or private, in a coin of inferior value to the money of the world.

The capital defect of the bill is that it contains no provisions protecting from its operations pre-existing debts, in case the coinage which it creates shall continue to be of less value than that which was the legal-tender when they were contracted. If it is now proposed, for the purpose of taking advantage of the depreciation of silver in the payment of debts, to coin and make a legal tender a silver dollar of less commercial value than any dollar, whether of gold or paper, which is now lawful money in this country, such a measure, it will be hardly questioned, will, in the judgment of mankind, be an act of bad faith. As to all debts heretofore contracted the silver dollar should be made legal tender only at its market value. The standard of value should not be changed without the consent of both parties to the contract. The National promises should be kept with unflinching fidelity. There is no power to compel a nation to pay its just debts. Its credit depends on its honor—the nation owes what it has led or allowed its creditors to expect. I can not approve a bill which, in my judgment, authorizes the violation of sacred obligations. The obligation of the public faith transcends all questions of profit or public advantages. Its unquestionable maintenance is a dictate, as well of the highest experience as of the most necessary duty, and should ever be carefully guarded by the Executive, by Congress, by the people. It is my firm conviction that if the country is to be benefited by silver coinage it can be only done by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will defraud no man; and a currency worth less than it purports to be, will, in the end, defraud not only the creditors, but all who are engaged in legitimate business, and none more assuredly than those who are dependent on their daily labor for their daily bread.

[Signed] RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Executive Mansion, February 28, 1878.

Heating a City by Steam.

The experiment of heating the city of Lockport, N. Y., by steam has proved highly successful. Three miles of pipe properly covered with nonconducting material laid under ground through some of the principal streets radiates from a central boiler house, and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public school building, have been thoroughly warmed all winter. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam meters are provided, so that each consumer need pay only for what he consumes. It is claimed that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds pressure transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power of engines and manufactories, and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing conflagations, for clearing streets of ice or snow, or protecting hydrants from frost. The rates actually charged to the consumer here do not exceed former cost of his coal and wood.

ANTON MIKLANCIC died recently at Trieste, Austria, at the comfortable age of 114 years. He was born April 10, 1764, five years before the birth of Napoleon I. He was probably the oldest man in Europe, and nearly the whole city turned out at his funeral.